



METHODIST PROTESTANT.

VOL. 1.]

BALTIMORE...JANUARY 14, 1831.

[NEW SERIES--NO. 2.]

TO THE MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

(Concluded from the last number.)

4. Fasting or abstinence, as a christian duty and a means of grace, claims unquestionable respect from every professor of religion. Whether used for the purposes of health, for personal mortification and self-denial, as a fit occasion of appropriately and seriously considering the poverty and distress which afflict so many thousands of our race, as a means of weakening and subduing our earthly affections, or a season of supplicating the blessing of God, in view of any especial object—for any which purpose it may properly be used—this kind of discipline will often be found of great and salutary service to the soul. The frequency of resorting to this means of grace must be left, to a great extent, with the conscience and judgment of the individual himself; but still we hope that it will be the practice generally, throughout our fellowship, to observe with due respect the Friday preceding each quarterly meeting, as a day of fasting or abstinence, and prayer.

5. Having said thus much about the means of grace, we would now affectionately claim your attention to some other subjects of a more moral nature, but yet of scarcely less importance and concern. 1. The religious education of our children. This duty seems, in some sense, to be taught and inculcated by the very suggestions of nature, in that instinctive solicitude which the parent feels to protect and provide for the welfare of his offspring in every possible manner. In the Holy Scriptures, at least, it is most positively enjoined, and, with the reasons there furnished for the necessity and character of the claim, it must recommend itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Here then, it is not too much to say, revelation and nature conspire to command and engage our strictest attention. The subject is also rendered more sacred, if possible, and dearer to our affections, from the fact, that our church now recognizes the children of its members as solemnly dedicated to God in baptism, and as fit subjects of religious instruction, and pastoral oversight. We hope that none of us will be indifferent to this excellent and judicious arrangement, but that all will appreciate and improve it as a means by which our

children may, under God's blessing, be safely conducted to the knowledge of himself; that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; and that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

2. The sacred observance of the sabbath day. Already we have expressed a sincere hope, that every member of our church will be punctual in his attendance at the house of God. Besides this, we trust that all will be concerned to hold up the sabbath throughout, as a day of sacred rest from any worldly employment, or any worldly recreation and amusement; and to revere and observe it as a day which God himself hath blessed and hallowed. A caution of this kind, and due respect to it from us individually, we think the more necessary and seasonable at this time, as, in the rapid improvements of the present age, by steam, and other mechanical contrivances, the facilities of travelling and visiting, and the objects of curiosity, are so multiplied and varied, that the professors of religion have need of constant care, that they do not, under such illusive and ensnaring pretences, fall into the spirit and customs of the world. Let the members of our church know that they are called to be a *holy people*.

3. The medicinal use of ardent spirits. Reasons analogous to those just offered on the last point, might here be applied and urged why, as the followers of Christ, we should be infinitely vigilant against an evil, which is ever so ready to creep upon us under the guise of necessity; and why, as the friends not only of religion but humanity, we should employ our united efforts to discourage and annihilate a fatal custom, which has ruined, and is still ruining, here and hereafter, thousands of immortal beings. It has been well said, that there would be no *intemperate* men, if there were not at first *temperate* men. This truth we would do well to remember at all times, and to give it as much practical influence as possible upon the community. In the use of the article now under consideration, long experience has shown that there is scarce any such thing as a safe and innocent medium. As a *medicine*, it may be used, under the advice of a skillful physician, but even then, like other medicines, sparingly and unfrequently, to be of any salutary and permanent service. We pray then, that our people may individually show an instructive and forcible example on this subject, and be

forward and active to promote, at least by counsel and practice, the exertions now making in many parts of American Christendom, to lessen and ultimately extirpate a vice, which has blighted so many brilliant minds, caused so much public and domestic calamity and distress, and sent to the world of perdition and despair such numbers of invaluable souls.

4. In addition to what has been said, we would now make a remark or two on the cultivation of a proper and characteristic christian spirit and temper. This is doubtless necessary amongst ourselves, and also in relation to the numerous and growing religious fraternities with which we are partly surrounded, and in which we partly mingle, and all of which are alike engaged, as we charitably hope, in the one great cause of extending the Redeemer's name and glory. Of others let us judge, and towards them let us act, at all times, upon the enlightened principles of christian respect, forbearance, and liberality. Amongst ourselves let us ever be careful and solicitous to cherish and maintain good feeling and union. We are indeed *brethren*—of the same fold—enjoying one common altar—engaged in the same important and sublime concern—and professing common views of doctrine, of discipline and government. In view of these interesting facts, permit us now to suggest, that we endeavour on all occasions, to preserve within ourselves, and promote in each other, the genuine and amiable spirit of the gospel of peace; and, where circumstances will possibly admit, that we adjust and settle any difficulties which may occur in the transactions of business by a fair and mutual arbitration, without recourse to those legal proceedings which are so apt to engender a litigious temper, and to spoil the quiet and comfort of social as well as religious life.

6. We feel confident, beloved brethren, that you will not think that we have insisted too strongly upon the importance of our attending punctually to the means of grace, and the consistency of our exemplifying, on all occasions, a corresponding religious character and deportment. We have said so much chiefly to awaken seasonable recollections, and to enkindle sacred and fervent resolutions, in regard to duties and concerns of equal moment and interest to us all. For the rising hopes and prosperity of our infant Zion, and the diffusion and influence of scriptural holiness under our ministry, certainly we

all should feel and cultivate a deep and common solicitude. All the institutions of the church, and all its operations, literary, moral and religious, should be subjects of our daily reflections and prayers.

But it is a plain case, that no man will feel or can feel, a proper interest in the prosperity of the church, who enjoys not himself a heartfelt communion with God. Hence personal piety, inward holiness, is the paramount concern after all. Without charity, without the love of God in the soul, all else is nothing; zeal, eloquence, enterprise, influence, toil or hardship, all is nothing: a sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal, of no price in the sight of God, of no real worth to man. Let every one of us, therefore, covenant now with God, to endeavour, with his assisting and supporting grace, to attain a deeper acquaintance with divine things, to have the mind which was in our great living Head, to seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God, to walk in the light as he is in the light, to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but to wrestle with God night and day, for an increase of personal piety, and the gracious and abundant out-pourings of his good spirit. Let every member consider himself a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God, and as such, prize his glorious callings, and improve his peculiar privileges as a child of God.

Let every minister study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth: saying in the language of the prophet, For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof, as a lamp that burneth. And when the chief shepherd shall appear, ye all shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Surely, brethren, this is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it: save now, we beseech thee, O Lord; O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.

EXTRACTS.

[For the Mutual Rights, &c.]

Mr. Editor: You will oblige a subscriber by inserting the following extract from "Natural History of Enthusiasm." S.

"It is a common notion, incessantly repeated, and never sifted, that diversity of opinion, on even the cardinal points of christian faith, is an inevitable and permanent evil, springing, and always to spring from the diversity of men's dispositions and intellectual faculties. Certainly, no other expectation could be entertained, if christian theology were what moral philosophy was among the sophists of ancient Athens—a system of abstractions, owning subjection to no authority. But this is not the fact; and though hitherto the ultimate authority has been much abused or spurned, the re-establishment of its power on fixed and well understood principles, seems far from an improbable event. We say more, that an actual progression towards so hap-

py a revolution is perceptible in our own times. We do not for a moment forget, that a heartfelt acquiescence in the doctrines of scripture must even be the result of a divine influence, and is not to be effected by the same means which produce uniformity of opinion on matters of science. But while we anticipate, on grounds of strong hope, "a time of refreshing" from above, which shall subdue the depraved repugnancies of the human mind, we may also anticipate, on grounds of common reasoning, a natural process of reform in theology—considered as a science, which shall place the extrinsic absurdities of heresy in the broad light of day, henceforward to be contemned and avoided.

"The fields of error have been fully reaped and gleaned; nor shall aught that is new spring up on that field, the whole botany of which, is already known and classified. It is only of late, that a fair, a competent, and an elaborate discussion of all the principal questions of theology has taken place; and the great result of this discussion waits now to be manifested by some new movement of the human mind. Great and happy revolutions usually stand ready and latent for a time, until accident brings them forward. Such a change and renovation, we believe to be at the door of the christian church. The ground of controversy has contracted itself daily, during the last half century;—the grotesque and many-coloured forms of ancient heresy have disappeared, and the existing differences of opinion, some of which are indeed of vital consequence, all drawn round a single controversy, the final decision of which, it is hard to believe, shall long be deferred; for the minds of men are pressing towards it with an unusual intenseness. This great question relates to the authority of Holy Scripture; and the professedly christian world is divided upon it into three parties, comprehending all smaller varieties of opinion.

"The first of these parties constituted of the Romish church and its disguised favorers, affirms the subordination of the authority of scripture to that of the priest: this is a doctrine of slavery and of ignorance, which the mere progress of knowledge and of civil liberty must overthrow, if it be not first exploded by other means.

"The second party comprises the sceptical sects of the protestant world, which agree in affirming the subordination of scripture to the dogmas of natural theology; in other words, to every man's notion of what religion ought to be. These sects having no barrier between themselves and pure deism, are continually dwindling by desertions to infidelity; nor will be able to hold their slippery footing on the edge of christianity a day after a general revival of serious piety has taken place.

"The third party, comprehending the great majority of the protestant body, bows reverently, and implicitly, and with intelligent conviction, to the absolute authority of the word of God, and knows of nothing in theology that is not affirmed or fairly implied therein. The differences existing within this party, how much soever they may be exaggerated by bigots, will vanish as the mists of the morning under the brightness of the sun, whenever a refreshment of pious feeling descends upon the church. They consist, in part, of mere misunderstandings of abstracts—unknown to the language of scriptures; in part they hinge upon political constitutions, of which so much as is substantially evil, is by no means of desperate inveteracy; in part, these differences are nothing better than the lumber of antiquity—the worthless relics of

forgotten janglings, handed down from father to son, but now, by so many transmissions, worn away to an extreme slenderness, and quite ready to crumble into the dust of everlasting forgetfulness. Men shall not always so remain children in understanding, as that the lesser shall be preferred to the greater; nor shall it always be that the substantial sin of schism shall be incurred and vindicated on the ground of obscure historical questions, fit only to amuse the idle hours of the antiquary. This trifling with things sacred must come to its end, and the great law of love must triumph, and the christian church henceforward have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

We have selected the following from a new work on "Self Education, or the means and art of Moral Progress," translated from the French of M. Le. Baron Degerando, and published in Boston. We cannot offer any general opinion of the work as we have merely glanced over some of its pages.

"Whether we descend into ourselves, or look upon life, we are at first tempted to suppose, that the most beautiful years of youth are also the best, and that man decays morally with the progress of age. But this is an impression, rather than a judgment, and we are deceived by confounding the enjoyment, with the practice of excellence. This enjoyment may fail, for it was given to make up for the strength that was yet wanting. The exaltation of enthusiasm, wisely directed, may contribute to progress, but does not constitute perfection. In proportion as we advance in age, our affections are enlightened by knowledge, our faculties tend to a more just equilibrium; and this is progress. Man does not decay morally, unless he loses his power of doing good; and, if his power does not grow, as his experience extends, and his reason is enlightened, and as he obtains more calmness, and as the motives to virtue are confirmed and multiplied, it is not the fault of his age, but only of his negligence. The virtues of youth act more vividly upon our imagination; but the serious, regular and peaceable virtues of mature age, reassure the attentive observer against the fear of a general and continual decay. The moral powers of man do, not only, not necessarily decay with those of his body, but grow as the latter decay. The youth of the heart may be preserved till death, as many admirable examples attest. There is no moral old age, except for the selfish; the selfish alone see what they have acquired consumed; what they have hoped, vanish with years. The love of excellence, which innocence of life and rectitude of soul have protected, finds again its warmth under the snows of age; it collects itself, rich in all its acquirements, to spread abroad all its influences, to celebrate, as a solemn triumph, that time which prepares for new and august destinies.

It is the destiny of old age to enjoy or to suffer the consequences of the years which have preceded. Nothing is more sad, than the decrepitude of soul, which terminates a selfish life; but what aliment for remembrance does he find, who has consecrated his life to the search after improvement! Virtue, in approaching the hour of recompense, is reanimated, as if penetrated with a secret joy. Old age is the portico, which introduces us to the temple of the great future, and it already has its majesty. Besides, we should guard against believing there is any thing fixed, inevitable, necessary, in the moral condition of man in this world; there is still

time in the last years, even in the last days of life, to return to that virtue, which, like an indulgent friend, is ready to receive us: whatever progress we have made; there is yet opportunity for new progress, even in the age of repose; there is still a period of education,—and of what an education! For, to what a destination it conducts us! Some resources are wanting to it doubtless; but, if it encounter some obstacles peculiar to it, if it must defend itself from lassitude, dejection, timidity, inertia, the slavery of habit, perhaps, also from a secret tendency to suspicion,—on the other side, it has fewer enemies to combat, and has numberless and powerful succors: it can gather the fruits of the experience of life, which is intended as a school of virtue; it breathes an atmosphere of calmness and serenity. The self-cultivation of the aged should consist in two principal points; to seek and seize all the means of preserving moral activity, and of approaching other men by kindness. Thus energy of will will be sustained, while the affections will be constantly reanimated. These two counsels, moreover, are essentially connected; the sphere of activity, which remains open to the aged, has especially for its object to spread benefits among others. O that they should complain of being useless! What power is more beneficent than theirs? Goodness of heart becomes in them more amiable, more touching; the veneration they inspire is mingled with tenderness; their words are august and tender as adieus. What wonders this goodness of the aged can produce; they are the flowers of autumn, which spring up abundantly in their steps! They are only occupied for those they cherish; they possess only to give; the generosity which animates them, hastens to spread abroad its gifts, lest it should not have time: this generosity is the more entire and absolute, as it can look for no return; for what real interests remain for old age, except those which goodness composes for it! Lastly, what inestimable value in its gifts; the most true and useful of benefits, examples and counsel! Old age is a magistracy, instituted in the order of nature by Providence itself, ennobling, consecrating, purifying him, who exercises it worthily: for we are always improved in labouring for the improvement of others. But, to fulfil this mission, old age should be accessible. It should learn the language of those it instructs, in order to make itself understood: by a happy return, it will itself be reanimated and softened. Is there not a secret instinct, which attracts it towards infancy! Infancy must gather under its protection the lessons which books do not give, and be formed in its presence to habits of respect; it finds in infancy the images of the true blessings, which time does not alter, and which the experience of life makes us appreciate better; the blessings, of which candor is the image, and innocence the pledge. This approach of old age and infancy is a sort of benediction, given to those who enter upon terrestrial existence by those who are near quitting it.

HISTORY.

The following, extracted from Milman's history of the Jews, is a very eloquent account of the destruction of the Jewish temple.

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the king of Babylon: it was almost passed. Titus withdrew again into the Antonia; intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet

summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls, and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire.—Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a gilded small door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or Porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords, with a furious determination of revenge and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed: he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire: his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear: they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or, stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands; they lay heaped, like sacrifices, round the altar: the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavoured to force obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw every thing round them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames, they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door: the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat; and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew! The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame: the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light: the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up, and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction: the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied,

or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights: all along the walls resounded screams and wailings: men, who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter the cry of anguish and desolation.

SELECTIONS.

From the Home Missionary Magazine.

A SPECIMEN OF WELSH ELOQUENCE.

An Extract from a Sermon, by the Rev. Christmas Evans.

—“If I should compare the natural state of man, I should conceive an immense churchyard, filled with yawning sepulchres, and dead and dying men. All around are lofty walls, and massive iron gates. At the gate stands Mercy, sad spectatress of the melancholy scene. An angel flying through the midst of heaven, attracted by the awful sight, exclaims,—“Mercy, why do you not enter, and apply to these objects of compassion the restoring balm?” Mercy replies, “Alas! I dare not enter; Justice bars the way.” By her side a form appeared, like unto the Son of man.—“Justice,” he cried, “what are thy demands, that Mercy may enter, and stay this carnival of death?” “I demand,” said Justice, “pain for their ease—degradation for their dignity—shame for their honour—death for their life.” “I accept the terms,—now, Mercy, enter.” “What pledge do you give for the performance of these conditions?” “My word, my oath.” “When will you fulfil them?” “Four thousand years hence, upon the hill of Calvary.” The bond was sealed in the presence of attendant angels, and committed to patriarchs and prophets.

“A long series of rites and ceremonies, sacrifices and oblations, was instituted to preserve the memory of that solemn deed. And at the close of the four thousandth year, behold at the foot of Calvary the incarnate Son of God! Justice too was there—in his hand he bore the dreadful bond—he presented it to the Redeemer, and demanded now the fulfilment of its awful terms. He accepted the deed—and together they ascended to the summit of the Mount. Mercy was seen attendant at his side, and the weeping church followed in its train. When he reached the summit of the Mount, what did she with the bond? Did she tear it in pieces, and scatter it to the winds of heaven? Ah! no: she nailed it to his cross; and when the wood was prepared, and the devoted willing sacrifice stretched on the tree, Justice sternly cried, “Holy fire, come down from heaven, and burn this sacrifice.” Holy fire replied, “I come, I come—and when I have consumed this sacrifice, I will burn the universe.” The fire descended, rapidly consumed his humanity—but when it touched his Deity—expired! Then did the heavenly hosts break forth in rapturous strains,—“Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will towards men.”

Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too long, lest it blind thee; nor too near, lest it burn thee: if thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou lust after it, it destroys thee: if virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate it, it is the soul's purgatory; it is the wise man's boon-fire, and the fool's furnace.

Carry a watchful eye upon those familiars that are either silent at thy faults, or soothe thee in thy frailties, or excuse thee in thy follies; for such are either cowards, or flatterers, or fools: if thou entertain them in prosperity, the coward will leave thee in thy dangers, the flatterer will quit thee in thy adversity, but the fool will never forsake thee.

QUARLES.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE TENTH PLAGUE.

"And it came to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first born of the captive that was in the dungeon.—And there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead."—*Exodus. xii.*

The avenger of Jacob came down from on high,
And his countenance blazed on the far-troubled sky;
And the boldest and bravest stood pale and aghast,
As he dreadfully rode on the pestilent blast.

And wide was the stroke—to each unsprinkled door
His death-gleaming meteor the fierce cherub bore;
Not a house could escape the fell swoop of his sword,
From the cot of the slave to the dome of the lord.

Then burst the wild death-cry and shriek of affright,
All flood-like and dire, on the silence of night;
And the loud mingling clangour of curses and cries,
On the wings of the tempest, roll'd up to the skies.

Then rose the deep sob of hearts bursting with grief,
And the wild laugh of madness that mocks at relief;
And the moan that proclaims the full conquest of care
O'er the heart-stricken victims of icy despair.

Then o'er her young babe did the mother's tears run,
As she prest to her bosom her first-born son;
For its smiles they were fled, and bereft of its breath,
It convulsively writhed in the tortures of death.

Then sprang the proud youth from his couch of repose,
And grasping his armour he ask'd for his foes;
Half way from its scabbard his bright falchion flies,
When unwounded he staggers, falls prostrate, and dies.

Then droop'd the lone widow, and gray was her head,
By the son of her youth she was sheltered and fed;
Her pride and her comfort—she liv'd by his care—
She flew to his couch—but her son was not there.

She sought him, and found him—he lay as he fell,
And black as the sulphur-scorch'd demons of hell;
His cheek it was cold, and his eye shot no ray,
For his spirit had fled from its dwelling of clay.

She lay down beside him—her tears ceas'd to flow,
Not a sob or a groan gave a sign of her woe;
Her course it was ended, her journey was done,
And she pillow'd her head on the breast of her son.

Hark! hark! how Egyptia the ruin bewails,
Her beauty is withered, her puissance fails;
Her sons they are fallen, not in fields that are gory,

They were struck without warning, and died without glory.

But hark! on the wind rolls the voice of a song,
Now louder and louder it echoes along;
Still higher and higher the swelling notes rise,
'Tis the pæan of multitudes piercing the skies.

But whence is that host, that with banners unfurl'd,

Rolls on like the flood that o'er-mastered the world?

And what are those wild notes that through the air sweep,

Like the voices of winds when they burst from their sleep?

The men of that host are the children of Shem;
The fall of Egyptia is freedom to them:
No more shall the task-master torture his slave,
Nor the Hebrew he laid in a bondsman's vile grave.

For the sword of Jehovah hath blazed o'er the land,
And Israel is saved by the strength of his hand;
And now their hosannas they raise to that might,
Which hath scattered o'er Egypt destruction and night.

J. BENNETT.

Barnstable, June 11, 1830.

Methodist Protestant.

BALTIMORE, JANUARY 14.

Lest the nature and circumstances of the Methodist Protestant be not understood, we will make a few explanatory remarks.

It must be recollected that the paper is, in fact, a new one. The title, "Methodist Protestant," is applied, not to a continuation of the Mutual Rights, but to a publication, which, though its substitute, assumes a different character, and aims at a different end. The object, for which the Mutual Rights was established, is achieved. Mutual Rights are now enjoyed by a large, and very intelligent religious community.

Ecclesiastical liberty, however, has been pursued as a pre-requisite to moral, intellectual, and religious excellence, which is the permanent—grand object of the Methodist Protestant.

The object and character of this paper, then, being so different from those of its predecessor, it requires corresponding materials to sustain the one and accomplish the other. Of these we have not yet a full supply. It may be some time before we ascertain all our correspondents, and receive their regular communications. No means have been left untried to urge them to provide matter for immediate contribution. The character of periodicals depends almost as much on the originality as the worth of their subjects. Second hand goods are cheap. They may have been damaged in the transfer. We suspect that the beauty of selections may be impaired by injudicious dismemberment. A transplanted flower sometimes withers; the connexion of its roots, with those of its kindred, is broken, and the new soil may be uncongenial. There is certainly talent enough in our church to adorn our columns with original, interesting thought. The late revolution in ecclesiastical

polity with the able investigations connected with it, has excited a spirit of inquiry very favorable to independence of sentiment and development of intellect. We trust we shall be able to show forth written evidences of this in our paper.

There are two circumstances then by whose aid, when attained, we hope even to exceed the expectations of our subscribers. They are abundance of good original matter, and a judicious method of arrangement. The first depends on the faithfulness of correspondents; the second on ourselves. The former will do their part, and we will do the best we can.

It gives us much pleasure to state that the subscription list has been very considerably increased in this city, since the issue of the first number, this is truly gratifying to the publisher.

Further pleasure is induced from the fact that a majority of the new subscribers are members of other churches. From the extensive correspondence opened and opening, almost daily, we expect a rich supply of highly interesting communications for the columns of this paper.

This paper, in one year from the commencement, will form a very handsome volume, containing 416 pages. It is hoped that readers will be careful to divide the head margin equally before they cut the paper open. It is recommended to file the numbers regularly that none be lost, and that all may be kept unsoiled; the observance of which will add much to the uniformity and beauty of the volume, when bound.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

The late interference by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the administration of the criminal laws of Georgia, has been voted by the legislature of this State a flagrant violation of its rights. The governor is enjoined, by the same authority, to disregard any mandate from the Supreme Court of the United States, for the purpose of arresting the execution of the criminal laws of that state. He is authorized with all the force and means warranted by the constitution of the state, to resist the enforcement of any such mandate. He is likewise authorized to give such orders and take such means as may be necessary to the full execution of the laws in the case which has unhappily given rise to this ominous collision between federative authority and state independency.

GEORGE TASSELS.—The execution of this unfortunate Indian, took place on 24th ult. A large number of persons was assembled on the occasion, among whom were some eighteen or twenty Indians.—*Georgia Athenian.*

The amount of the currency of the United States, is one hundred millions. Seventy-seven millions of bank notes; eight millions of coins; fifteen millions of coins held by banks.

The entire national republican ticket has succeeded in New-Jersey by a majority of 6406.

The Nullification doctrines seem to be losing ground in South Carolina.

It is stated in the Quebec Gazette, that, during the year 1830, the total number of emi-

grants who arrived at that place from the United Kingdom, amounts to 28,000. Of these, 17,596 are from Ireland; 6,895 from England; 2,600 from Scotland, and the remainder from Wales.

Niles' Register.

From the 1st of January, 1830, to the 1st of January, 1831, there have been in Baltimore 2086 interments. Males 1211; females 875. Of these, 94 died of old age. The coloured population in 1830, was 14,783 free; 4,124 slaves.

500 shares of the Baltimore and Ohio rail road stock have been taken within the last two days; 100 of which at 22½, and 400 at 22.

American Spectator.

The city of New Orleans has a population of 48,000 souls, having increased 80 per cent. since 1820.—*Ibid.*

BOLIVAR.—It is stated in a letter to the New York Mercury, dated Carthagena, 15th December, that this great man was dying at the country seat called San Pedro, having already received the sacrament from the hand of the Bishop of the Diocese. His disorder is said to be consumption.

The British House of Commons at present, consists of 658 members. Of these, 254 are relatives of peers and bishops in the house of Lords—63 were in place or the receipt of pensions; 88 officers of the army, 24 of the navy; making 429 members, a large majority.

The 658 members are thus chosen—125 are returned by themselves or their kindred—145 under other patronage of wealthy individuals—137 from what are called open cities or boroughs, and 82 county members—these are from England. There are 24 from Wales, 45 from Scotland, 110 from Ireland—three-fourths of all whom were under patronage of the peers, or great land proprietors.—*Niles' Register.*

The latest intelligence from abroad, is of a pacific character.

The avowed determination of the French people to observe rigidly the principle of non-intervention themselves, and enforce its observance by others, together with their immense preparations for possible hostilities, has probably caused Europe to pause before attempting a desperate conflict. The late change in the British ministry, and the amicable relations existing between England and France are further reasons which lessen the probability of immediate war.

The disturbances in England still continue, and are more alarming in their character. Ireland is almost in a state of starvation. The utterly destitute in the city of Limerick alone amount to 30,000.

Proceedings of the General Convention of Delegates from the ministers and members of the Associated Methodist Churches, assembled in St. John's Church, in the city of Baltimore, Nov. 2, 1830.

(Continued.)

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 3rd, 1830.

The convention met, agreeably to adjournment.

Dr. Waters, president in the chair.

Morning service performed by Rev. James Brindle.

A letter, recommending brother James Hanson as a missionary, was presented and read, and on motion of brother Henkle, ordered to lie on the table.

Brother Shinn presented a letter from Rev. Moses M. Henkle, relative to the printing of

the hymn book, which was read, and ordered to be laid on the table.

On motion of brother Avery, brother W. S. Stockton was unanimously elected assistant secretary.

The committee on the constitution, &c. made an additional report of discipline. Copies of the reported constitution were distributed, one copy to each member of the convention.

On motion of brother —, brother Williams, chairman of the committee to prepare a constitution and discipline, read part of a proposed form of discipline.

Moved by Dr. French, that the form of discipline as far as reported, be accepted, and one hundred copies be printed. *Withdrawn.*

Moved, that the reported form of discipline be received and printed. A division of the question was called for, so as to read, that the reported discipline be received.

On motion of brother Wallace, the report was laid on table.

Brother W. S. Stockton, sen. proposed that the report be printed.—*Negative.*

On motion of Dr. Holcombe, it was resolved, that the consideration of the constitution, be the order of the day for tomorrow.

Adjourned till 3 o'clock.

Wednesday Afternoon, Nov. 3rd, 3 o'clock.

The President being absent, Dr. French was called to the chair.

Service performed by Rev. Dr. Holcombe.

Brother Henry Webster, of the Maryland delegation, appeared and took his seat.

On motion of brother Shinn, it was Resolved, that a committee be appointed of one member from each annual conference, on the bounds of conferences.

The following named brethren were appointed, viz: A. Shinn, N. Gage, D. Bromley, J. Foster, E. Henkle, Dr. Finney, W. W. Hill, R. A. Blount, G. A. Read, John Smith, and Britton Capel.

On motion of brother Shinn, it was Resolved, that a committee of seven be appointed to take into consideration the financial concerns of the church, and to report to this convention.

The following named brethren were appointed, viz: Gideon Davis, James Foster, R. A. Blount, W. S. Stockton, S. Whitaker, W. S. Selater.

On motion of Dr. Jennings, it was Resolved, that a committee of seven members be appointed to receive and take into consideration, all papers which may be offered by brethren, and report any principle or provision in view of any part of our contemplated economy, which they may find to have been overlooked; or which the papers may suggest, and make report to-morrow morning.

On motion of brother Cropper, the resolution was so modified as to make the committee consist of twelve members, taking one member from each conference.

On motion of brother Finney, it was Resolved, that the delegation from each annual conference appoint one member of the committee.

The following named brethren were appointed on said committee, W. W. Wallace, from the Maryland conference; Charles Kennon, Georgia; John French, East Virginia; Nathaniel Gage, Vermont; George Thomas, New York; A. Shinn, Ohio; Britton Capel, Alabama; Daniel Bromley, New York and Canada; John Smith, Pennsylvania; Isaac Fister, Tennessee; George A. Read, Western Virginia; Willis Harris, North Carolina.

The Convention adjourned till to-morrow, nine o'clock.

Thursday Morning, Nov. 4th, 1830.

Pursuant to adjournment the convention met, the regular morning service was performed by the Rev. Britton Capel.

Brother T. F. Norris, from Massachusetts, appeared, and presented his credentials as a delegate to the convention, from the Massachusetts conference; which were referred to the committee on elections.

The committee on drafts, papers, &c. made the following report:

The committee to whom was referred the constitution and papers connected with that subject, have had the same under consideration; but as no matured plan has been presented which they can substitute in the place of the one presented by the committee, they beg leave to report:

That the printed constitution be acted upon. The committee handed in a list of items suggested by the writers of the different papers examined.

Brother Whitaker, from the committee of elections, reported, that brother Thomas F. Norris, minister, and Amos Binney, layman, were duly elected representatives of the Massachusetts conference, and entitled to seats in this convention.

On motion of brother Shinn, it was Resolved, that this convention now accept the outlines of the plan of a constitution reported by the committee, and proceed to adopt, reject, and modify its details, article by article.

[To be continued.]

For the information of our friends abroad we shall continue to furnish regular extracts from the proceedings of the Convention, and intend to publish so much of the constitution, weekly, as is connected with the proceedings.

FEMALE HEROISM.

Boccaccio has been censured as having, in some degree, outraged both human feeling and probability, in his pathetic story of "The Pot of Basil." The sad circumstance we are about to relate, which yet has a sweetness underneath, redeeming its horror, affords proof that the great novelist had neither miscalculated the power of female affection, nor that deep principle of our nature, by which a lofty emotion purifies and hallows its object. Among the various scenes of misery which characterized the ghastly mistakes of the French Revolution, occurred the following.—A young female, who had been present at the execution of her lover, followed his body to the spot where, together with those of other victims, it was to be interred. She there endeavoured, by a bribe of a hundred louis, to procure from the grave-digger the head; and having obtained his promise, returned afterwards, alone and trembling, to the ground, where she received and carefully enfolded it in her veil. Nature, however, was less powerful than love. This unfortunate girl, exhausted by the struggles she had encountered, fell at the corner of the street St. Florintin, and revealed to the terrified view of the spectators, the burthen she had hitherto so carefully concealed. She was sent before the revolutionary tribunal, the members of which regarded as a crime, an act which ought to have moved them with pity. She was soon after led to the scaffold, enchanted with the hope of finding, in a better world, the object she had so passionately loved in this.—*Literary Pocket Book.*

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

"A good name is better than precious ointment."
Solomon.

It is a frequent exclamation of some people, Pohl we care not for the world's opinion. They suppose this carelessness to be indicative of pre-eminent talent and greatness of mind. And, therefore, praiseworthy. They esteem themselves personages superior to the vulgar herd of men, and imagine they hold a rank in creation that precludes to them the necessity of sympathizing with their species, and frees them from dependence on the favor or assistance of their fellows. They call their affected recklessness a noble independence, that scorns to seek praise and approbation out of their own bosoms.

It is true, that an inordinate aspiration after finite applause is the usual accompaniment of vain minds, and a degrading weakness in excellent spirits. In this, however, as in almost every case, there are avoidable extremes. While undue deference to the opinion of the world, and excessive desire for its approbation, betray a contemptible littleness of soul, too great disrespect to its decisions, indicates perversion of taste and arrogance of heart.

Many are the resulting evils of each extreme. Contentment is a stranger to his bosom who seeks his chief good in the opinion of mankind. If he perform a noble action, the world is sharp-sighted enough to discern his motive, and withholds the applause he loves. Even should he act disinterestedly, the selfishness of human nature would delight to depress him by disapprobation rather than exalt him by reward. His days are pined away in discontent, anxiety and the torment of ungratified passion. The smiles of the world are as necessary to the maintenance of his happiness, as food is to the sustenance of his body. Without them he languishes. The frowns of men to him are like lowering clouds to a summer's day; they bring a gloom on his spirit that the Sun of peace cannot illumine. In fine; his indifference to self-approbation has cut off a steady and exhaustless source of contentment, while his exclusive dependence on the caprices of the multitude has opened innumerable fountains of misery.

On the other hand, haughty inattention to the opinions of our fellows, results in a deprivation of many pleasurable feelings. There is something in merited approbation peculiarly pleasant to a generous mind. External praise responding to the voice of a good conscience, penetrates it with a calm intenseness of delight.

Besides, this haughty inattention is attended with the grossest ignorance and most flagrant vices. It induces its infatuated victim, heedless of censure, unhesitatingly to burst all the ties of morality, and violate the rules of decency and decorum without a blush. Reckless of the stigmas of mankind, it does not shame him to be termed, ignorant. Thus, devoid of some of the gravest incentives to excellence, he neglects the improvement of his nature, and is ruined and disgraced by the degradation of his morals, and the impoverishment of his intellect.

There is a certain kind of independence; which is the peculiar quality of magnanimous minds, and ennobles human nature. It is not a feeling that separates our sympathies from our fellow-creatures, and causes us to look on them with the sneer of scorn and eye of contempt. It is an independence, that, in all matters of duty and honour, enables us without an eye to the recompense of reward from man, to act up-

rightly and nobly from disinterested motives. It permits us in all cases where neither duty nor honour would be violated, and no pernicious precedent established, to accommodate ourselves to the harmless caprices and prejudices of mankind; "thus becoming all things to all men." It does not render us insensible to censure. It does not forbid us to be excited in the pursuit of excellence by the approbatory opinions of man. Finally, it teaches us justly to appreciate the worth of a "good name."

NATURAL HISTORY.

From a volume on Insect Architecture.
THE UPHOLSTERER BEE.

Of all the insect builders, however, described in the present volume, there is no one who displays more tasteful ingenuity, than the solitary leaf-cutting or upholsterer bee. One species of this curious genus has been called the poppy-bee, from its selecting the scarlet petals of the poppy as tapestry for its cells.

The material used for tapestry by the insect upholsterer, is supplied by the petals of the scarlet field-poppy, from which she successively cuts off small pieces of an oval shape, seizes them between her legs, and conveys them to the nest. She begins her work at the bottom, which she overlays with three or four leaves in thickness, and the sides have never less than two. When she finds the piece she has brought is too large to fit the place intended, she cuts off what is superfluous, and carries away the shreds. By cutting the fresh petal of a poppy with a pair of scissors, we may perceive the difficulty of keeping the piece free from wrinkles and shrivelling; but the bee knows how to spread the pieces which she uses as smooth as glass.

When she has in this manner hung the little chamber all around with this splendid scarlet tapestry, of which she is not sparing, but extends it even beyond the entrance, she then fills it with the pollen of flowers mixed with honey, to the height of about half an inch. In this magazine of provisions for her future progeny, she lays an egg, and over it folds down the tapestry of poppy petals from above. The upper part is then filled in with earth; but Latreille says, he has observed more than one cell constructed in a single excavation. This may account for Reaumur's describing them as sometimes seven inches deep; a circumstance which Latreille, however, thinks very surprising.

A common bee belonging to the family of upholsterers, is called the rose-leaf cutter (*Megachile centuncularis*, LATR.) The singularly ingenious habits of this bee have long attracted the attention of naturalists, but the most interesting description is given by Reaumur. So extraordinary does the construction of their nests appear, that a French gardener having dug up some, and believing them to be the work of a magician, who had placed them in his garden with evil intent, sent them to Paris to his master, for advice as to what should be done by way of exorcism. On applying to the Abbe Nollet, the owner of the garden was soon persuaded that the nests in question were the work of insects; and M. Reaumur, to whom they were subsequently sent, found them to be the nests of one of the upholsterer bees, and probably of the rose-leaf cutter, though the nests in question were made of the leaves of the mountain-ash, (*Pyrus aucuparia*).

The rose-leaf cutter makes a cylindrical hole in a beaten pathway, for the sake of more consolidated earth, (or in the cavities of walls or

decayed wood,) from six to ten inches deep, and does not throw the earth dug out from it into a heap, like the andrenæ. In this, she constructs several cells about an inch in length, shaped like a thimble, and made of cuttings of leaves (not petals), neatly folded together, the bottom of one thimble-shaped cell being inserted into the mouth of the one below it, and so on in succession.

It is interesting to observe the manner in which this bee procures the materials for forming the tapestry of her cells. The leaf of the rose-tree seems to be that which she prefers, though she sometimes takes other sorts of leaves, particularly those with serrated margins, such as the birch, the perennial mercury (*Mercurialis perennis*), mountain ash, &c. She places herself upon the outer edge of the leaf which she has selected, so that its margin may pass between her legs. Turning her head towards the point, she commences near the foot-stalk, and with her mandibles cuts out a circular piece with as much expedition as we could do with a pair of scissors, and with more accuracy and neatness than could easily be done by us. As she proceeds, she keeps the cut portion between her legs, so as not to impede her progress; and using her body for a *trammel*, as a carpenter would say, she cuts in a regular curved line. As she supports herself, during the operation, upon the portion of the leaf which she is detaching, it must be obvious, when it is nearly cut off, that the weight of her body might tear it away, so as to injure the accuracy of its curvilinear shape. To prevent any accident of this kind, as soon as she suspects that her weight might tear it, she poises herself on her wings, till she has completed the incision. It has been said by naturalists, that this manœuvre of poising herself on the wing, is to prevent her falling to the ground, when the piece gives way; but as no winged insect requires to take any such precaution. Our explanation is probably the true one.

With the piece which she has thus cut out, held in a bent position perpendicular to her body, she flies off to her nest, and fits it into the interior with the utmost neatness and ingenuity; and, without employing any paste or glue, she trusts, as Reaumur ascertained, to the spring the leaf takes, in trying to retain it in its position. It requires from nine to twelve pieces of leaf to form one cell, as they are not always of precisely the same thickness. The interior surface of each cell consists of three pieces of leaf, of equal size, narrow at one end, but gradually widening at the other, where the width equals half the length. One side of each of the pieces is the serrated margin of the leaf from which it was cut, and this margin is always placed outermost, and the cut margin innermost. Like most insects, she builds from the interior, beginning with a layer of tapestry, which is composed of three or four oval pieces, larger in dimensions than the rest, adding a second and a third layer proportionately smaller. In forming these, she is careful not to place a joining opposite to a joining, but, with all the skill of a consummate artificer, lays the middle of each piece of leaf over the margins of the others, so as by this means both to cover and strengthen the junctions. By repeating this process, she sometimes forms a fourth or fifth layer of leaves, taking care to bend the leaves at the narrow extremity or closed end of the cell, so as to bring them into a convex shape.

When she has in this manner completed a cell, her next business is to replenish it with a store of honey and pollen, which, being chiefly collected from thistles, forms a beautiful rose-co-

loured conserve. In it she deposits a single egg, and then covers in the opening with three pieces of leaf, so exactly circular, that a pair of compasses could not define their margin with more accuracy. In this manner the industrious and ingenious upholsterer proceeds, till the whole gallery is filled, the convex extremity of the one fitting into the open end of the next, and serving both as a basis and as the means of strengthening it. If, by any accident, the labour of these insects is interrupted, or the edifice deranged, they exhibit astonishing perseverance in setting it again to rights. Insects, indeed, are not easily forced to abandon any work which they may have begun.

The monkish legends tell us, that St. Francis Xavier, walking one day in a garden, and seeing an insect, of the *Mantis* genus, moving along in its solemn way, holding up its two fore-legs as in the act of devotion, desired it to sing the praises of God. The legend adds, that the saint immediately heard the insect carol a fine canticle with a loud emphasis. We want no miraculous voice to record the wonders of the Almighty hand, when we regard the insect world. The little rose-leaf-cutter, pursuing her work with the nicest mathematical art—using no artificial instruments to form her ovals and her circles—knowing that the elastic property of the leaves will retain them in their position—making her nest of equal strength throughout, by the most rational adjustment of each distinct part—demands from us something more than mere wonder; for such an exercise of instinctive ingenuity at once directs our admiration to the great Contriver, who has so admirably proportioned her knowledge to her necessities.—pp. 55—63.

SKETCHES.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!"

I cannot lay claim to the merit of being a devout man: but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and

bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches; and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard, where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do.—A coffin of the plainest material, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church-door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and the age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business: the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from

a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation: "Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years:—these are indeed sorrows which makes us feel the impotency of consolation.

(To be continued)

TRUTH.

Truth is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity; a title of the highest grace, and a note of divine nature; she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom: she is the beauty of valour, the brightness of honour, the blessing of reason, and the joy of faith: her truth is pure gold, her time is right precious, her word is most gracious, and her will is most glorious; her essence is in God, and her dwelling with his servants; her will in his wisdom, and her work to his glory: she is honoured in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved: she is the angel's worship, the virgin's fame, the saint's bliss, and the martyr's crown; she is the king's greatness, and his council's goodness; his subjects' peace and his kingdom's praise: her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never fails, and her faith never fears: her church is without schism, her city without fraud, her court without vanity, and her kingdom without villainy. In sum, so infinite is her excellence in the construction of all sense; that I will thus only conclude in the wonder of her worth;—she is the nature of perfection in the perfection of nature, where God in Christ shews the glory of Christianity.

N. BRETON, 1616.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Methodist Protestant.

THE FUNERAL.

I went.
The hearse and carriages in order stood,
And groups of men, at corners of the street's,
And at the door, in pensive mood convers'd.
The handle of the lock was bound with crape;
The passage-way was dark. An aged man
Silently took my hand, and led my steps
To the still chamber of the coffin'd corpse.
The half-clos'd shutters mellowed the sun's glare,
And spread a solemn twilight through the room.
The tables and the mirrors were all cloth'd
In spotless white, and from the mantle broad
Down to the floor, the linen drapery hung.
I stood beside the corpse, and lifting up
The snowy covering, gazed most thoughtfully—
Most reverently—most sorrowfully gazed
Upon that face, emaciate, pale, and cold.
The hollow temples—the transparent brow,—
Part shaded by the dark and glossy hair—
The purple eye-lids, cov'ring the glazed balls,
Sunk in their sockets—and the wasted cheeks—
And blenched lips, still brighten'd with a smile—
The sweet composure resting over all—
Oh! I did gaze, until my heart grew large,
And tears relieved my sadness.

Soon I heard
The voice of mourning, and approaching steps.
Then came the parents—bent with age and grief,
The brother and the sister weeping came,
To give the last look to the one so loved.
They look'd—they wept—all but the white-hair'd sire,
He merely heaved one sigh—and felt one tear
Start from its source, as though it were his last;
For he had seen much trouble, and was used
Sternly to bear a quiet agony.
The mother kiss'd the cold lips o'er and o'er,
And bathed the pallid cheeks with streams of grief;
The sister lean'd upon her brother's arm,
And cried aloud; while he, with lips compress'd,
Strove to subdue his pain—his exquisite pain,
To see his daily fellow lying there.
They turned away—and as they turned, the sire
Gave the last glance, and fill'd his swelling heart;—
Oh God!—he said—but ere another word
Fell from his tongue, he check'd the murmuring thought.

The face was veil'd again—the coffin lid
Was closed and screw'd—and then the bearers came
And bore the body to the plumed hearse.
The mourners took their seats—the train moved on
Slowly toward the dwelling of the dead.
Men at the doors, and from the windows, women
Look'd carelessly—an infant, in the arms
Of love maternal, clapp'd its tiny hands
And pointed, smiling, even at the hearse.
Ah! little knew that sinless child of death!
I wept while thinking of its after days!

We had pass'd through the gate, and now we stood
Around the open'd grave. Strong-armed men,
Grasping the ropes, the coffin slowly lower'd,
Until it rested on the cold damp floor.

Around us were the marble monuments;
And graves, o'ergrown with long thin grass and flowers;
And overhung with trees, of richest leaf,
Some spreading wide, and casting a light shade,
While others, pendent, even to the ground,
Threw o'er some favour'd mounds a deeper gloom,
The cricket, by the tomb-stone hid, sent forth
Its evening song, and on the upper branch
The robbin whistled merrily. Afar,
Upon the river's bank, and stretching thence
Back to the o'er-topping hills, the city lay.
Above us, was the cloudless blue—the sun,
Descending to the verge, shone twixt the trees,
And burnish'd the clear waves with liquid gold,
And every swelling dome and steeple high;—

And every hill's brow bless'd with yellow crown.
All things rejoiced.

Alas!—one joyless group,—
We, weeping, stood around that open'd grave;
The trembling mother and the struggling sire,
The sister with swollen eyes and throbbing heart,
The brother, striving, sadly, with his grief.
Oh! who could comfort them?—who bind their hearts,
Their broken hearts, in bonds of peace again?—
Who soothe their troubled souls?

The passing wind
Was more consoling far, than could have been
The voice of heathen or poor infidel!
For heathen eye ne'er saw the flowers of hope,
And infidels but crush them under foot.
If e'er my heart had joy—if ever yet,
Pleasure hath fired my eye or loosed my tongue,
'Twas when, with healing words, from God's own mouth,
I bade the mourners think of him, who says—
"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

The Resurrection!—Calvary's cross was red,
With Jesu's heart's blood, and the sealed tomb
His pierced body held;—but cruel death,
Though it had mangled him,—and the strong grave
Though it had bound him for eternity,—
Both were dragg'd captives at his chariot wheel.
From the rock sepulchre he rose again,
As though he left the downy bed of sleep.
And, surely as he rose, this Christian's frame,
With all the strength and grace and hues of youth,
Of youth no more to fade, shall rise again.
The resurrection and the Life!—the life!
Immortal life! What though these rural charms—
Yon city's pomp—he witnesseth no more?
What though this pile of clay shall be cast down,
Hiding his body from his fellow's gaze?
What though his flesh shall blacken and then rot,
And feed a thousand worms?—make it as foul
As pitiless fancy can! What then? Why life—
Again I say, immortal life is his.
No sooner had his spirit left his frame,
Than friendly saints, well-known in former days,
And glorious angels with their golden wings,
Sang him their welcome, and conducted far
Where Paradise in fadeless beauty blooms.
And now—while we, with decent rites, inter
His much-loved form,—the hand—the gentle hand
Of smiling Jesus haply lifts the crown,
And, while his servant kneels before him, bends
And rests it on his brow—bright as a star!
The parents yielded resignation meet,
The brother's and the sister's hearts grew calm.
Uncov'ring then our heads, in reverence due,
We bless'd the Lord for our sweet gospel hopes;
And, then, with fresh resolves to follow Christ,
Departed to our homes in perfect peace.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on the 10th day of November last, in the 53 year of her age, Mrs. SUSAN H. SNETHEN, the consort of the Rev. Nicholas Snethen. We knew Mrs. Snethen well, and feel assured that she has gone to enjoy the rest prepared for those who believe on the name and sacrificial merits of our blessed Lord. In her was centered the affectionate wife, and the tender mother. As the wife of an itinerant minister of the gospel, she endured without a murmur, the hardships, which, from time to time, her beloved husband was subjected to in his sacred calling. All she had was cheerfully bestowed upon the cause of methodism, which she identified with the cause of religion. She reared a numerous progeny of children, and lived to see them realize her anxious expectations—to walk in the ways she had trained them from their infancy. Two weeks previous to her death she witnessed that of one of her daughters, just upon the eve of womanhood. She had a mournful presentiment that she should soon follow. After an illness of ten days, she closed her eyes upon this earthly scene, and left behind her a tender husband, and six children to mourn her loss. She died at her residence Corn hill, near Meron, Indiana, whither she had removed in May last. Her last words were, "The Lord is mine, and I am his." "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh; blessed be his name forever." Oh! may my end

be like hers! A member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for nearly thirty years, and of the Methodist Protestant Church, since its organization, she has now gone to join the church above, to dwell in eternal felicity with her beloved Jesus.
W.

Letters have been received by the Book agent and publisher, from the following persons: Rev. Dr. W. J. Holcombe; Rev. C. Springer; Mr. W. C. Lipscomb; Mr. G. Davis, 3; Rev. D. Crawl; Rev. D. E. Reese; Mr. R. Ridgely; Rev. Dr. J. French; Rev. H. R. Harold; Rev. George Brown; Hon. P. B. Hopper; Rev. L. R. Reese; Rev. W. W. Wallace; Rev. W. Kesley; Rev. W. Peck; Rev. Dr. Jacob M. Jennings; Rev. B. Burgess; R. Blount, Esq. Rev. S. Budd; Mr. Wm. S. Stockton; James H. Devor, Esq. D. Bryan, Esq.

Books have been forwarded, since the convention, to the following persons, viz:

Rev. Isaac Fister Ogden, Monroe county, New York; Rev. — Bromley, Rev. John French, Mr. John D. Dyer, Boston; Rev. W. Kesley, Harford, Md.; Rev. Geo. Brown, Pittsburg, care of Rev. C. Avery, Mr. W. C. Lipscomb, Georgetown, D. C.; Dr. Jacob M. Jennings, Virginia; Rev. D. E. Reese, Jr. Rev. K. S. Cropper, Philadelphia; Rev. C. Springer, Zanesville, Ohio; J. W. Allen, New York; James Parrot, Esq. Easton, Md.; Rev. Eli Henkle, Rev. Thomas M'Cormick, Rev. David Crall, James H. Devor, Esq. Rev. Mr. Rawley, Mr. Gideon Davis, Rev. Dr. John S. Reese, Alexandria; Rev. Benedict Burgess, Virginia; Rev. Hiram Harold, Delaware; Capt. John Constable, Rev. Dr. W. J. Holcombe, Lynchburg, Va.; Mr. Stevenson, Frederick Co. Maryland; Rev. Geo. A. Reed, Winchester, Mr. John Baugher, Rev. D. Zollicoffer, Mr. Wm. L. Chappell, Cincinnati.

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Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul—50 cents; \$4.00 per doz.; gilt, 62½ cents; \$5.00 per doz.

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As the entire Church throughout the United States, will derive a certain revenue from the sale of the above books, as also from the avails of Mutual Rights and Methodist Protestant, it is hoped that the preachers and friends in each of the conferences will promote the sale of the one and the circulation of the other.

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TERMS.

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